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Alison Arnold Writes:

(The following is reprinted from the January 15, 1981 edition of the Duxbury Clipper--Ed)

Either you like to walk, or you don't. I happen to like walking. Perhaps it's because my father was an Englishman and instilled in me the love of walking at an early age.

He liked to explore all the woodsy roads off Mayflower St. and they became familiar to me, too. He delighted in the name of Tobey Garden St. and we often walked through Tinkertown.

Walking to the Myles Standish Monument was another favorite walk, often climaxed by a climb to the top and the spectacular view. And to walk to the "big beach" was always well rewarded.

In the winter I lived in Brookline as a child and I often walked from my grandmother's house on Winthrop Rd. to Coolidge Corner, to the Brookline Library in Brookline Village, up Corey

Hill where there was a stupendous view, or around the reservoir in Chestnut Hill. And I walked a mile to the Runkle School on Fisher Hill each day, rain or shine, and later to the Brookline High school. So I became used to walking.

To get back to Duxbury. My friends seem to think it's amazing that I walk to the post-office and back each day (except in zero weather!). They used to stop and ask if I'd like a ride, but now they realize I'm walking for pleasure.

I suppose it is strange to see someone walking. No one walks nowadays. Dogs used to resent me as they don't know that humans can walk, but now they accept me and often accompany me.

A favorite walk is "around the loop." This means up Surplus St. to So. Station St., down Partridge Rd. and back home along Washington St. Since there are no sidewalks on long stretches of Washington St.,

walking is sometimes hazardous, especially when thoughtless motorists rush past in a puddle and I am drenched.

But So. Station St. is usually free of traffic and I can enjoy the silence or the first joyous cries of the redwings in spring and the cheerful notes of the robins in summer. Occasionally, I am lucky enough to hear the musical trill of a thrush.

In summer I love to walk along the beach to High Pines in the early morning when the sunlight dances on the water and gentle waves lap the shore. And after a storm when the waves crash and roar, it's ex-

hilarating.

Some people are bored by what they call the monotony of the sea. The tide comes in and the tide goes out, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, over and over again. But to me it's very reassuring. I love the rhythm and the fact that whatever happens, this rhythm goes on and on.

Walking gives me the opportunity to see and enjoy many sights and sounds impossible from a swiftly moving car.

The other day I heard someone say, "I hate to walk." It sounds incredible to me.